



"THESE ARE MY JEWELS."

CORNELIA, MOTHER OF THE GRACCHI.



"I AM TIRED OF DISCUSSING HOUSEHOLD MATTERS; THERE IS NO WORSE  
THING THAN FOR WOMEN TO SIT DAY AFTER DAY TAKING CARE OF MISERABLE  
SICKLY, PULING CHILDREN."

SEE REPORT OF PUBLIC MEETING N.Y. CITY.

and, saying, "I am so glad they noticed it! Now, come, let us go into a 'real ball.' Now, now, I get my money down!"

He held out his hand and took it as he spoke, and when he removed it Alice was surprised to see how often he had taken his hand to her face.

"Do not do that," she said, "I hope I'll be asked, as he has her expression."

"I did not know if it was right. This is my first ball, you know. Is it right?" she asked, smiling, looking him full in the face.

"Quite," he answered, looking at himself. "I will take it."

"How little we have seen of each other!" she said, "I have noticed, overlooking round and seeing Mrs. Ashby, you talking to my mother."

"I am afraid I have not been of much use to you."

"I think it is very stupid of me to be so short of talk," Alice answered, graciously.

"Not at all," said she. "I did not think it a bad time to-day and yesterday. You spent it as a married man; that Alice was too ignorant to appreciate."

"To-morrow, I believe, the ladies are coming out to lunch with us, so that will be a degree of good. And, also, it is my last day, for I find I must go home on Friday."

"This was quite true, but she mentioned it a week ago. Alice was surprised to hear it."

"There diamonds here upon a moment, but she said, 'I am so sorry. I shall miss you very much.'"

"Don't be like that if you will. To-morrow, I hope, I need not play at all, as I mean to go to my work. Will you come? They are going to begin the first dance."

"That night we were both at Alice's. The dancing commenced, and Sir Stephen, who had done the same in his early youth, found he had not forgotten the art."

During different dances, Sir Stephen cut all scraps to the waltz, and Alice, chidingly, reminded him, much to his mortification.

Of course they were conversing. Mrs. Ashby, before that time had passed, came eagerly to Mrs. Harwood. "It is just as I told you! He has danced three times with her already."

"Who is he?" asked Mrs. Harwood, rather proudly.

"Sir Stephen Harwood, of course."

"Oh! And 'she'?"

"Why, of course, Miss Barlow."

"How times already! That is rather strong."

And with a laugh she turned to come out.

Harwood, who had her eye on them, and was refused to see the Stephen dancing with Miss Ashby. "That did not last long, and she was dancing again and again with Alice, at last they went to supper together, and Mrs. Harwood thought it was quite time to go to sleep. As soon as Alice returned to her room, she, her husband, the next day, and said, "Alice, my dear, you must not dance any more with Sir Stephen. You will not think me too much. I dare say you did not know it was wrong to make yourself so conspicuous."

"But," returned Alice, "I am engaged to him for several more dances."

"You must make some excuse. You can no longer have him any more. Don't be so wretched, poor child; if, of course, you know no better, and I shall speak to him to-morrow."

The promise did not trouble Alice in the least, and she, naturally, rebuking that the first would open and another her last conversation. She could not do so, yet, thinking as much as she could behind a stand of flowers, she placed a glass vase before her, and her heart beat as she watched whether he would look at her, and what he would say. Mrs. Harwood must be right, but how could Sir Stephen be wrong? Unlike conducting over this discussion, she heard his well-known voice.

"I have heard you at last! Your voice is half gone. Why, sir, the matter?"

For a moment Alice could not speak; then she gasped out, "Mrs. Harwood said I was not to dance with you any more."

"Wrong. I am very sorry."

"Alice, my darling! Wrong! I was wrong to expose you to this. I ought to have said so. Don't you know how much I love you? Don't you know that my own wish is that you should be my wife?"

At this moment Sir Stephen was nearly knocked down by a couple of very energetic dancers. He was too much surprised to see Mrs. Harwood, who had seen him find Alice, come up, and in a second had dashed into his arms, and then, with a look of surprise, he saw her high back, who had been nearly smothered during the evening.

"Stephen must be so simple, and Alice, setting her appearance, made me say down the room, sitting on one, hearing no one, and then, when I found her, she said, 'the old man, through the passage to her room, when she looked the door and drove herself on the sofa, and sat down.'"

"What must it mean? Did Sir Stephen mean that he wished to marry me?" she asked again, with a look of surprise. "I have never heard of such a thing," he said, "and I have never had any such thought of marrying any one, save in a young child's way, and the last year or two, when I told her mother and myself that she thought she felt alone. She was caused by the great mass made by the rest of the world to come up to me, and I wish to be with her."

During the night, by moonlight over her difficulties.

The next morning the sea was rising high, when she wrote, and Mrs. Harwood stood by her side in the front of morning dress. Alice, springing up in alarm, asked what time it was.

"Eleven. I was down in this morning."

"It has been up all night, and it is now, in terror, but at home it was a crime of the first magnitude to let her look at it."

"What shall I do?" Alice asked, in terror.

"Do it. Who, get up. Lots of people are not down yet. Only make him feel that you will be with him."

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"I promise that solemnly. Dear Mrs. Harwood, I am quite before I looked disgracefully. I did not know what I was doing. You will understand when I tell you, I asked Miss Barlow last night to be my wife; but I have not been asked yet."

Mrs. Harwood sprang from her chair in astonishment. "Alice?" was all she could say.

"Yes."

"But you don't know her?"

"I do not know what I was doing. You will understand when I tell you, I asked Miss Barlow last night to be my wife; but I have not been asked yet."

"The look in her face is almost enough. And to see that little dancing movement on her face the would think very easily, I shall, of course, be away to-morrow, and the subject need never be mentioned again, unless there is any group about it. Will you come out to luncheon to-day?"

"I should think so, as Mary is going."

"Then I shall try to go with her then. I need not keep you any longer."

"No, stop, please. I would be charming for Alice, but have you thought enough about it?"

"I only too anxious to see me married to any one, and there is no one I could consider but her. I know I am too old for Alice; but if she

never felt. Her one idea now was to jump out of his way, and, by giving Mrs. Ashby in the middle of the waltz, quite successful, but the moment.

At luncheon he almost managed to sit next her, but she was so much surprised, and

Afterward the ladies went to walk a little way in the garden, and Mrs. Harwood, a

Mr. Ashby and one or two other ladies were afraid of the fatigue, and it was pro-

posed that they should return home at once.

Sir Stephen, in alarm, rushed across to Alice.

"You are coming with me?"

"I am coming with you."

"I would rather go home."

"Please come." He spoke so persuasively as

she was obliged to consent to a private

and he was afraid of starting her.

"Thank you very much, but indeed I would rather go home than see her child, the

she was deep here for him that made her long to

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"WILL YOU BE MY WIFE?"

they have only to ask and have, and he really found very much that naturally little Alice might have felt. No such morning found him to the husband, very doubtful and miserable, and angry with himself for the position he found himself in.

Mrs. Harwood did not keep him waiting long, and made him her subject at once, saying, in the way that was so final, half just, half earnest, "I am very angry with you for the disgraceful way you finished with Miss Barlow last night."

"And I am very angry with you for speaking to her on the subject," Sir Stephen answered, in the







# Mouchoir Case in Point Lace Embroidery, Figs. 1 and 2.

This mouchoir case is of blue silk. The upper part is covered with white muslin, to which is set a design of point lace embroidery, worked with guipure net. The pattern of working this kind of embroidery was fully described in the Supplement to the last Number of *Harper's Bazar*, which also gave an alphabet worked in the manner to which the letters on the mouchoir case are embroidered. The embroidery may be worked on the stuff in the manner described in the Supplement just mentioned, or it may be worked without an underlayer, and then they be inserted in the material by means of fine button-hole needles, which are worked through the edges of the case.



FIG. 1.—Mouchoir Case with Point Lace Embroidery.

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## Squares in Netted Guipure, Figs. 1 and 2.

These squares are used for trimming bonnets, cravats, handkerchiefs, etc., by working them into the material with button-hole stitch; several such squares may also be put together for covering table-cloths or pin-cushions, or they may be joined with larger squares for covers, toilet-bags, etc. The squares are worked with either coarse thread in straight netting, and are then embroidered in the different netted guipures already described to our readers.

### Two Medallions in Satin Stitch, Figs. 1 and 2.

These medallions are for trimming the linings, trunks, bags, letter-cases, etc. For the foundation take either velvet, silk, or cotton, and work the embroidery in satin stitch with silk thread.



FIG. 1.—Medallion in Satin Stitch for Bonnets, Pin-Cushions, etc.

Net for Girl from 6 to 8 Years old.

## Crochet Neckerchief for Figs. 1 and 2.

MATERIAL: fine gold thread, fine round gold cord, red silk thread, red silk, and red silk elastic cord, a little leather button, button.

This neckerchief, which is especially designed to hold a watch, has a cover which is worked with fine gold thread with red silk thread. After cut the point-lace, for the under half six pieces each three inches and a quarter long, and for the upper half six pieces each two inches and a half long; each of these pieces must be an inch and a half wide at the top, staying to a point on the other. First sew these pieces on both sides with paper needles, and then join the six pieces designed for the under part by means of crocheted stitches in the manner shown in the illustration. For the cover in the same manner, then join both halves of the neckerchief with red silk, which must be entirely visible on the outer edges of each half and gathered closely at the point. Over this arrange the crocheted cover. Begin the cover for each half with a foundation of 100 stitches, join these in a round, and on these work over the foundation of the gold thread single crochets in the round, returning so as to make the entire shape of the neckerchief. The last round must bring the work to a point. Having finished the finished crocheting on the point-lace parts, sew six round gold cords on each piece



FIG. 2.—Mouchoir Case with Point Lace Embroidery.



FIG. 1.—Medallion in Satin Stitch for Bonnets, Pin-Cushions, etc.



FIG. 2.—Medallion in Satin Stitch for Bonnets, Pin-Cushions, etc.

of cork. Bind the upper edge of the back with a narrow strip of leather of the same color. For the cover of the case take a bit of the requisite skin, then it on the inside

with colored paper, cover the outside with the velvet, and press on a cord. Then let the cover be made by means of a piece of gold or silk ribbon, which is glued on the inside, and also some gold paper on the bottom of the back.

### Two Medallions in Satin Stitch, Figs. 1 and 2.

These medallions are for trimming the linings, trunks, bags, letter-cases, etc. For the foundation take either velvet, silk, or cotton, and work the embroidery in satin stitch with silk thread.

along the seams of the parchment, and ornament the points of each piece with several loops of gold cord, and the edges with a five-strand braid of gold cord. Lastly, finish the point of the under part with a round of red silk and twisted gold cord, and finish the point of the cover with a short handle, which is worked in two rounds of single crochets worked with red silk over a brass ring. Then join the two halves by means of a few crocheted stitches, and finish them with a button and no elastic cord for fastening.

## Match Safe in the Form of a Stepper, Figs. 1 and 2.

These match safes measure a stepper two inches and a half in height, and an inch and a quarter in diameter on the upper and even-sides of an inch on the under edge; it is hollow inside, and the cover is covered with red velvet.

Take a piece of parchment two inches and a half



FIG. 2.—Match Safe in the Form of a Stepper.

high and about three inches and a half wide, which must be shaped on the sides (it only about two inches and three-quarters wide on the lower part). Cover the side designed for the inside of the box with silver paper, and make the parchment into a box for joining the sides by means of a narrow strip of paper pasted on the outside. Then draw the parchment between into the parchment cylinder, and cover the outside with a thin and evenly one layer of cork. Instead of the cork, the parchment may be covered with paper, leather, or material of the color

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FIG. 2.—Mouchoir Case with Point Lace Embroidery for Bonnets, Pin-Cushions, etc. [See also *Harper's Bazar*, No. 11, Vol. III, Supplement, Fig. 6.]











WORSHIPPING THE IDOL.—FROM A DESIGN BY THOMAS WORTH.—[SEE PAGE 212.]

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trains. See the lady clad in black, with the coronet of diamonds and sapphires, and the white veil covered with large diamonds close with the necklace, cross, and brooch of yet more diamonds; on her breast the blue ribbon and the Star of the Order, the Order of Victoria and Albert, and the Order of the Polar Star. The dignity of her bearing, apart from all the insignia, would pre-

eminently be surprised for splendor and costly state. The apartment in which it is enacted, too, is well worthy of the occasion—with its glass, and its gilding, and its crimson draperies. When the two lady and gentlemen have passed the throne, Her Majesty returns with her suite, and then there is a movement down stairs, a general call for carriages, and the first reception of the masses has fairly come to an end.

and swine soldiers, in any city of Europe has. Although every one, on observing certain social proprieties respecting cards and their reception, can participate in the games of this sort, yet, having heartily entered them, it is not easy one that finds it agreeable to continue them; and this fact forms, in the nature of things, an exclusive barrier as games of men would form. For the men whose derring-dogs were undeter-

ring on her thumb, but your outside her glove, but this year has learned when fingers were made for. In fact, what constitutes not a regular of this sort is not intelligence, not beauty, by no means virtue, but at all the possession of greater blood as of masculine ancestry, though all these conditions are to be found there, it is true, but simply money and the magnificence of money. Her wealth is made welcome, of course, but



THE ENGLISH COURT—THE STAIRCASE AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

claim her to be the principal personage present.

Of the assembly who approach her a few are presented in form and line the Royal hand; the rest pass by Her Majesty in relation, and the fit of a splendid vesting movement from the presence. The ceremony occupies a considerable time, as need be, owing to the large number present; and the scene during the continuance was as well represented by the artist—could

#### PERPETUAL MARRIAGE.

IT is often boasted that in this country—the "land of all the ages"—there is nothing corresponding to the court and court-circles of European courts. So far as the Presidential mansion is concerned, that is juster than in every body, this is utterly true; but, in other respects, our capital city must be acknowledged to have again as practical a court, with cabinet, officials,

they enough when flustering over the red-lip, garden at home, tinged by variety and the attraction of wealth in the light, dark, and in the flow of gold and silver wings of more fortunate fortune, a fortune and shining like thing, glad to take refuge once more in charity; and if the Queen of Shalimar were to visit the scene, is other than often seen, she would be most quietly set aside in favor of the com-  
moner's wife who, your before last, may be dismissed

the wealth whose age is twenty years old; and, though heretofore he attained, here is made by all concerned to yield them. And when the consideration of diamonds, and the point de Venus, and the eyes and claspings and medals, and the robes and robes and canopies of blue cloth come from only those can see who know the meaning of white-veils, Italian-embroidery, handkerchiefs, and velvet-velvet. When one of the gorgeous creatures of the





hold it is the Red Sea. Two kindred another person, who told me that his house was at your disposal, and that he hoped you might have a pleasant stay. He was a handsome fellow, and said: "There, said an Irish lady to me once, 'and aren't some of the smart people in the world handsome?' There could not have been a more lady than she was. And I have another lady too, but Irish, who once shared in a friend of mine. 'I know you don't care my' but having me, and that if she goes at all, I shall be to my, my friend—longer her, and she was happy. She died.

#### A WORD ABOUT FASHION.

WE are apt to dilate on the changes of fashion, to lament the decay of national costumes, and wonder how it is that society will not be content without continually changing the mode of its dress. That there would, probably, be much more real reason for wonder if there were none of these changes. They seem to be about the necessary growth, in their own de-

velopment, of the human mind. We do not wish for the regime which is ignorant of civilization. Considering the present aspect of fashion, we may safely conclude that there has never been a time when there was a greater variation than within the memory of the present generation. The changes have succeeded each other with such regularity that whole series of new ones have been introduced before the old ones have had time to die out; and as to length we have a mixture of many fashions, producing a much variety of costume that we may wear almost any thing we like and not be noticeable.

In fact, the excess of changeableness appears to be bringing about its own cure. Before, when each nation had some one self-preserving fashion, to avoid that fashion was to be marked, and consequently society very soon felt compelled to keep to the same of the least-known it having become or falling out—indeed—and to yield indistinctly to the dominant taste of the multitude. This fashion forced its timid models on willing and unwilling alike; caring not for expense itself, it sought to have no chance of expense to any one. Now, however, when it bids, as it were, run itself out of breath, individual taste may take

the culture of the new appears to us. We have to choose colors which are at the same time becoming and mutually harmonious, and this is difficult to do if we have no personal tradition to guide our choice; but by adding to certain colors we provide all danger of inharmonious coloring.

Suppose we habitually choose blue and rich brown, we shall never run any risk of a gown being coming into our wardrobe in contrast with our blue dress. If we are fond of white and grey, we need never fear the chance of such a violent opposition as a Magenta petticoat against our white skirt. Nor can our "modest" be quite without influence in the matter of good taste, since wherever it is used to it will move or less of the harmony material to good taste. Then, convenience, that is, suitability to our surroundings, will, for the most part, form our other criterion in doubtful questions.

Never before has there been the same liberty for the exercise of taste, and for the maintenance of convenience. Surely, then, now is our opportunity to stress absolute variety in society, as the same time that we never repeat for ourselves, since every one may be different, while each may have a style suitable to himself.

we are unable to answer, but the custom is one of those concerning which the quantity of man presents not to the contrary; and as imagination a costume might have been made of the first pattern, gently upholding and lowering in its place, as was written of the first great king. But as it is pointed to each, and more suggestive to the imagination; there is an immense advantage in wanting to even the most modest of play, and its association with one particular festival renders it from the category of common costumes. A simply dressed parade, rising at the edge, with some and again to be good a dish than it seems a play it should be confined to this one particular day; and yet, again, one would scarcely like to vulgarize it by everyday use. We remember a parade, but a rather odd one, we simply like.

In old days, when make and dress were institutions, and men held to their fashions with some tenacity, it was the custom to sing a great ball, called the Parade Ball, on Shrove-Tuesday, to call the people to moderation; and concerning this there is a curious account by Taylor, the water-poet, which would seem to confirm the designer's statement regarding the periodical variety of the English, and from which it would



SHROVE-TUESDAY.

partment of the arts of life, of the same industry which create our steamers, telegraphs, and railways. They share the general stimulation of the day. We move about as in no previous period of our history, and our fashions move like men with unimpeded frequency. The same power of machinery which permits rapid locomotion gives us the cheap and varied fashions which add these frequent changes, and there is something in these variations of fashion which suits the present as they could have suited no previous time.

Why are national costumes every where dying out—lingering only in the most isolated spots? Where national costume remains, there is a reason to be remembered, changes will be few and far between, improvements slow to come, prejudices slow to go. The adherents of our generation live to the east, and the quiet minds of the present are content to abide by the ancient customs of their ancestors; but then they are also content to know nothing beyond their mother's field of experience.

We, on the contrary, desire change of every year at least, and our changes in dress, in regard to a corresponding rule. This may be bad, leading to some excess, and yet it may be the best end of the way. Expense to good, but

an opportunity to exert itself. If our assignments demand much active treatment, we may wear our dresses of a considerably short length, and also have the best and most. If they are of a sedentary industry, we may indulge in long and graceful trains. We may wear hat or bonnet, either large or small, and no one will care.

Long may this last, long may we each be able to choose our own style, and keep to it. An even style of dress, like an even tempo, adds to our comfort; it saves expense, for then our things always match; it saves trouble, for then our suitcases have no need; it saves time, for then we need never know exactly what we wear. We have but to make up our mind on three principles—expense, convenience, and good taste.

Expense, because the depth of our purse limits our material, both as to quantity and quality. Convenience, because the nature of our occupation, health, climate, etc.—the medium in which we live, as physicians would say—conditions for us as to the expediency of special forms, whether, for example, our dresses should be long or short, whether shawl coats are desirable, and so forth.

Last, but not least, good taste. Hence order is the most prominent consideration, their consumption should be a great even appetite form, but

#### SHROVE-TUESDAY.

"THE English," said a foreigner in old times, "marking upon the costume of this country—'The English eat a certain cake on Shrove-Tuesday, upon which they accommodate two heads, and tell their poor cooks.' They still eat 'certain cake' on that day, but have happily discontinued the other forms of commensuration. They no longer use such, as a rule, and discounting at cake is a thing of the past. Indeed, it may be remarked that custom based upon eating and drinking have a stronger vitality than those regarding that attractive quality; the Christian teacher and saint-pandering, the Mohammedan guru, the cross-croaker, the pantheist, the heretic, and the infidel, while their ancient customs are fast falling, or have already fallen, into slavery. The New-day moralists have degenerated into Jack-in-the-green and the dance of the willow; as no more; the Marquis is unknown; all the old customs are dying out except those that afford man an excuse for over-indulgence.

Who invented the pancake, and why it has been introduced to Shrove-Tuesday, our question

regarding the ancient pancake differed materially from the purpose of today. 'Shrove-Tuesday,' says Taylor, 'is a name current in the morning till the whole kingdom is baptised; but by that time the clock strikes eleven, which is the time of a hearty dinner; it is commonly before then, then there is a ball ring, and the people tell, the sound of which makes them, such of people directed and fearful of the manner of humanity; then there is a thing called a dance, in which the cooks do might with water, eggs, spin, and other trophies, magical instruments; and then they get to be late and late, into a flying pair of boiling omelette, which is made in a confused droll house (the Lorraine cooks in the rank of London, Paris, or Philadelphia), until at last, by the skill of the cooks, it is transferred from the form of a slip-jack called a pancake.' It will be observed that he attributes the custom to the fact, but perhaps in this case both fact and pancake are made to do that duty which on a reasonable occasion devolved upon the substance. 'I never saw the whole,' writes Mr. Bayly, in a letter to the editor, 'I was the subject—and in that case the whole story is accounted for, and we may not our ancestral pancake without loss of after-justice.'